

# EXCLUSIVE NEWS OF THE FIGHT BY THE FIGHTERS FOR THE JOURNAL.

## Fitzsimmons Writes of His First Day's Training in His Quarters at Cook's Ranch.

By Robert Fitzsimmons.  
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

To the Editor of the Journal:

Carson, Nev., Feb. 21.—Training Quarters, Cook's Ranch.—After running the entire three miles from Carson City, I am now comfortably seated in my training quarters at Cook's Ranch. The snow along the roadway is from eight inches to a foot in depth, but I plowed through it with my trainers, Hickey at my heels, arriving at quarters with the steam rolling off my sweat-soaked clothing. I was breathing comfortably, barring a little discomfort from my condition, which is not improved to-day. I could have easily repeated the run. Arriving at the ranch, I went immediately to bed, wrapped in blankets and colled off gradually, following with a violent blood circulating rub down. I will eat like a horse here, and develop muscle every day. What delights me above all things is that I am to have my own cook here in a day or two, which will insure me against getting the worst of it at my meals. Some coffee I drank in Carson this morning made me very sick at the stomach, and will be careful what I take in future. The air is wonderfully pure here, and I will be able to sleep well and get rest. I can't help laughing at the fact that Jim Corbett confessed to your correspondent yesterday that it took him two days to hit his brother Joe in the pit of the stomach.

If he can't hit that youngster in two days, what does he expect to do with me? It will take him two years. He says the only way I can put him out is to hit him in the point of the jaw, but he thinks such a thing impossible. My principal reason for coming to Nevada, Mr. Corbett, is to show you that it is possible.

## FITZSIMMONS KEEPS BUSY.

He Takes a Run Over the Country Road to Cook's Ranch.

THEN HE CUTS SOME WOOD

He Handles the Useful Axe as Well as Another Eminent English Subject.

AN AFTERNOON OF SONG.

Roebert Arrives at the Training Quarters and Brings with Him Good Luck Tokens.

Carson, Nev., Feb. 21.—This was a fairly busy day for Fitzsimmons, although he will not begin on his regular system of camp work until to-morrow. He arose from his bed at the Arlington at 9 o'clock, and after a little light exercise with Boxer Hickey and Wrestler Roebert in his apartments, he went in for a breakfast. He then entered the billiard room and knocked the balls around for a while. An admiring crowd looked on and commented on the Cornishman's light step and great breadth of shoulders.

Bob's stomach turned on him soon after and he went into his room. He attributed his illness to the coffee he drank at breakfast, it being understood that the beverage referred to frequently distressed the auburn-haired fighter when it made strictly in accordance with his own formula.

**Went Out for a Tramp.**  
As soon as he recovered, Bob donned a sweater and a working suit, and told Hickey to prepare for a tramp to the training quarters at Cook's Grove. There was a big crowd on the sidewalk as the pair started off up the main street. Fitzsimmons took the lead and strode along with his arms swinging. As they left the town behind them the snow became deeper, and Fitz was compelled to slacken his pace. Even at that he left Hickey well in the rear.

A Journal artist and correspondent who followed in a sleigh attempted to pass the fighter on the road, but Robert would not have it that way. He increased the motion of his long legs and also called to Hickey to get a move on him. As a result both men went striding along far in advance of the team, skirting the edge of the prison hill and disappearing in the direction of the ranch. They arrived at the Grove at 12:10 covering the three good country miles in thirty-five minutes. Fitzsimmons was in a profuse perspiration when he stepped into the house. He was met by Host Cook, who mixed him a jorum of hot whiskey. As he turned to go to his room, he received a genuine surprise. It appears that they have a pet parrot at the Grove and that, like most birds of her kind who come in contact with men, she is exceedingly anxious to become a linguist.

**An Accomplished Foyl.**  
She has a fairly extensive vocabulary as it is, and in light of the fact that Fitzsimmons was to make the Grove his temporary home some of the inmates have contracted to teach her parrotship the words: "Hurrah for Fitzsimmons! Hurrah for the champion!"

Dolly made a very fair stagger at her newest of sayings and Fitz looked up at the bird and grinned approvingly.

Fitzsimmons then became imbued with the desire to take a little additional exercise. He discovered an old axe in the wood house and tackled the biggest log he could find, making the chips fly a la Gladstone. Bob then repaired to his sitting room, which contains a small cottage melodeon.

**Training His Voice.**  
One of the party sat down and played a few selections from the hymnals, furnished by Host Cook. Fitz, who has a good tenor voice, joined in the singing.

After supper Fitzsimmons read for a couple of hours and retired to bed at 8 o'clock. Ernest Roebert, the Cornishman's wrestling mate, arrived at the camp late in the afternoon, bringing with him the paraphernalia with which the big hall is to be fitted up. He also carried sundry good luck tokens, which had been forwarded to Carson by Fitz's admirers. They consisted of four-leaf shamrock rabbits' feet and horseshoes.

ROBERT H. DAVIS.

## MULDOON WILL NOT NAME THE WINNER

Both Men Evenly Matched, and an Error of Judgment Will Decide the Fight.

By William Muldoon.  
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

White Plains, N. Y., Feb. 21.

To the Editor New York Journal:

It is a hard fight in which to pick the winner. I have seen both men perform, and at this distance and at this time I do not feel justified in selecting a favorite. Of course, we read every day that Corbett leads in the betting, but if you ask any of these bettors their reason for selecting the Californian, they are sure to say it is because he is champion, or because he is the heavier of the two, or because he whipped Sullivan, or some such reason, without reference to the present condition of the men or their experience.

I do not remember ever seeing two men so evenly matched physically. In my opinion, it will be an error of judgment that will decide the fight, and not the matter of physical superiority.

WILLIAM MULDOON.

## Corbett Goes Into Regulation Training and Tells the Journal How He Feels.

By James J. Corbett.  
(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

To the Editor of the Journal:

Carson, Nev., Feb. 21.—This was really my first day of regulation training, hitherto I have improved time by exercising in club gymnasiums while travelling and in the Olympic Club while at San Francisco, and the Armory and the Opera House while at Carson. To-day I am duly installed in my own quarters and am, in a manner of speaking, monarch of all I survey. Here I will remain until I go forth to battle.

I began this morning at 10 o'clock and played handball for an hour with my brother Joe. After that Woods and myself had a good hard spell of boxing. He wore the patent pneumatic face protector and body guard and we went at it briskly. I did not hit full steam blows, because it will take a few days to work up to that. I put sufficient force into my punches to knock him out if his weak points were not armored. I am thoroughly satisfied with the experiments with the pneumatic protectors. Joe relieved Woods and the sparring was kept up for an hour, thus making two hours of almost continuous work. McVey is suffering from a cold, so I excused him to-day.

The only thing I am chafing at now is the number of days which must elapse before Fitzsimmons and myself enter the ring. It is hard to know that you are at your best, and that you have to wait.

When we do meet, it will be man to man. I am satisfied there will be no favoritism and no interference from any quarter. The one who wins will win on his merits as a fighter.

## CORBETT PUTS IN A HARD DAY

He Plays Handball and Joyously Punches Trainer Woods About.

VALUE OF A WIND ARMOR.

It Protects the Trainer from Serious Jolting or Knock-out.

MANY VISITORS AT SHAW'S.

Few of Them Are Admitted to the Handball Court to See Corbett Go Through His Afternoon's Work.

Carson, Nev., Feb. 21.—This is a blue sky and dripping snow. What with the sun and the snow the light is blinding, and smoked glasses become at once a comfort and a necessity. The sleigh bells are jingling merrily. Single cutters and double seaters are at premium for Carson. Both visitors and residents are making the trip to one or other of the rival pugilists' camps. Jim Corbett, clad in a loose, blue smock, baggy trousers and thick stockings, stepped on the floor of his new handball court at Shaw's Springs at 10 o'clock sharp. A glance at the smooth boards beneath his feet earned the San Francisco fighter that ground resin was necessary in large quantities in order to maintain a foothold. The floor was plentifully besprinkled with the adhesive substance, and then Jim and his brother, Joe, sent the ball splashing. They played for an hour with but slight rest, the majority of the games ending in favor of the big fellow. While handball was in progress Billy Woods was in the side room incasing himself in pneumatic covering. He needed assistance, and Kid Egan was on hand to help him.

**Wood's Pneumatic Armor.**  
The inflated chest and stomach shield, expansive enough to cover Wood's body from neck to hip, was first put on. Over that was drawn a tight-fitting sweater, which held the device in position. The face protector gave more trouble. It is something like an elongated hot water bag with a circular hole in the center. When the affair was laced at the back of the wearer's head, very little of Wood's countenance was visible except the eyes, nose and mouth. It had the effect of puckering up his cheeks and giving him the appearance of a comic countryman grinning through a narrow-gauge horse collar. The act-to between Woods and Corbett was interesting for the reason that Jim was not hampered by fear of injuring his vis-à-vis. He practised the use of left stomach punches and the right cross all through. Of course, he did not neglect to send in left swings and heart punches when opportunity occurred.

The blows frequently sent Woods tottering against the wall. They resembled the sound which is produced when a swinging bag is being punched, but that Woods was not daunted to any extent was shown by the prompt manner in which he faced the mark after being beaten back. Toward the end of a five-minute spell Jim landed an extra swift right hand clip on the lower edge of the face covering. Woods's shoulders drooped and his legs acted in an erratic manner. Jim promptly caught him under the arms and helped him over to the wall, holding him there until he recovered.

"That was a peach," remarked Woods, in his strong Scotch accent.

"A bit harder than I intended," said Jim. "Take a rest and I will have a go with Joe."

Jim kept his partners going for a full hour. They had slight rests, but he went skipping around the court, but never still a moment. When the work was done he enveloped himself in a bath robe and sprinted over to his dressing room. While he was undergoing the anointing and rub-

Humors  
Run riot in the blood in the Spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels every trace of humor, gives a good appetite and tones up the system.

Hood's  
Sarsaparilla  
Is the One  
Purifier. All druggists, \$1, six for \$5. Get Hood's.  
Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 50c.



FITZSIMMONS WITH HIS TRAINERS AND HIS GREAT DANE YARRUM.

(Copyright, 1897, by W. R. Hearst.)

"Lanky Bob" is presented in his training quarters with his trainers, Ernest Roebert, Muldoon's ex-wrestling partner, on the left, and Dan Hickey standing behind him on the right. The dog Yarrum, Fitzsimmons's constant companion, lies at the pugilist's feet.